Never the round Earth roams or ranges Out of her circuit, so old, so old; And the smile of the sun knows but

Beaming burning tender cold, s the Springtime softens or winter estrange The mighty heart of this orb of gold.

From our great sire's birth to the last morn's breaking. There were tempest and sunshine, fruit and frost.

And the sea was calm, or the sea was shaking Its mighty mane like a lion crossed;

And ever this cry the heart was making.

"Longing—loving—losing—lost."

Forever the wild wind wanders, crying Southerly—Easterly—North and West; And one worn song the fields are sighing

"Sowing—growing—harvest—rest,"
And the tired thought of the world, replyin
Like an echo to what is last and blest,
Murmurs—"Rest," -Selected

No Time Like the Old Time. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time, when you

and I were young.
When the buds of April blossemed and birds of Spring-time sung! The garden's brightest glories by Summer sun

are nursed;

But O! the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first! There is no place like the old place, where you

and I were born,
Where we lifted up our eyelids on the splendors of the morn!
From the milk-white breast that warmed us;
from the clinging arms that bore.
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days! No greeting like his welcome n homage like

Fame is the scentless flower, with gandy crown of gold; But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old, that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and
we re fading side by side.
There are blossoms all around us with the col-

ors of the dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!

There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!

There are no friends like the old friends—may Feaven prolong their lives!

There are no loves like the old loyes—God

bless our loving wives!

AN IRISH IDYL.

From the London Belgravia. We had been out all night watching the herring-fishers, but as soon as the

work was over, and the faint glimmering of dawn appeared in the east, we turned our boat's bow towards the shore and pulled swiftly homewards. There lay the group of curraghs still upon the scene of their labor, loaded with phosphorescent fish and dripping nets, and manned with crews of shivering, weary men. The sea, which during the night had been throbbing convulsively, was calm and bright as a polished mirror, while the gaunt grey cliffs were faintly shadowed forth by the lustrous light of the moon.

Wearied with the night's labor, I lay listlessly in the stern of the boat, listening dreamingly to the measured splash, splash of the oars, and drinking in the beauty of the scene around me—the placid sea, the black outline of the hills and cliffs, and silently sleeping village of Storport. Presently, however, my ears detected another a colleen to match Norah O'Connell. water and mingled softly with the monotonous splashing of the oars and the weary washing of the sea.

"Is it a mermaid singing?" I asked, sleeply. "The village maidens are all dreaming of their lovers at this hour, but the Midian Maras sing of theirs. Oh, yes, it must be a mermaid, for hark! the sound is issuing from the shore yonder, and surely no human being possessed a voice half so beanti-

To my questions no one vouchsafed a reply, so I lay still half sleepily and listened to the plaintive wailing of the voice, which every moment grew stronger. It came across the water like the low sweet sound of an Æolian harp touched by the summer breeze, and as the boat glided swiftly on, bringing it ever nearer, the whole scene around seemed suddenly to brighten as if from the touch of a magical hand. Above me sailed the moon. scattering pale vitreous light around hand the mellow thatched cabins, lying so secluded on the hill, the long stretch of shimmering sand, and fringe of foam upon the shingle, the peaks of the hills silli-ouetted against

the pale gray sky. A white owl passing across the boat and almost brushing my cheek with its wing aroused me at length from my torpor. The sound of the voice had ceased. Above my head a flock of seagulls screamed, and as they sailed away I heard the whistle of the enrlew; little puffins were floating thick as bees around us, while rock doves flew swiftly from the caverns; and be yond again the cormorants blackened the weed-covered rocks. The splash of our oars had for a moment created a commotion; presently all calmed down again, and again I heard the plaintive wailing of the mermaid's voice. The voice, more musical than ever, was at length so distinct as to bring with it the words of the song: My Owen Bawn's hair is of a thread gold spun; Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun; All curled in a coolun the bright tresses are, They make his head radient with beams like a

Owen Bawn's mantle is broad and is wide. lo wrap me up safe from the storm and I'd rather face snow-drift and winter

wind there, han be among daisies and sunshine where. Owen Bawn Con is a bold fisherman spears the strong salmon in midst of the

And, rocked in the tempest on stormy Lough Draws up the trout through the bursting of

The voice suddenly ceasesed, and as it did so, I saw that the singer was a ong ago on account of Norah refusing young girl who, with her hands clasped to marry him, came back again and behind her, and her face turned to the told Norah that Miles was dead and moonlit sky, walked slowly along the shore. Suddenly she paused, and while the sea kissed her bare feet, and the moon laid tremulous hands upon her head, began to sing again:

I have called my love but he still s'sups on, and his lips are as cold as clay! have kissed them o'er and o'er apair have pressed his cheek with my

And I've watched o'er him all the day; Is it then true that no more thoul't smile

On Moins Art thou then lost to thy Moina? nce had a lamb my love gave me, the mountain snow 'twas white;

Oh, how I loved it nobody knows!

I decked it each morn with the myrtic-rose,
With "forget-me-not" at night.
My lover they slew, and they tore my lamb
From Moina.
They pierced the heart's core of poor Moina!

As the last words fell from her tremulous lips, and the echoes of the sweet voice faded far away across the sea the boargliding gently on ran her bow into the sand, and I, leaping out, came suddenly face to face with the loveliest vision I have ever beheld. "Is it a mermaid?" I asked myself

igain, for surely I thought no human

being could be half so lovely. I saw a pale, madonna-like face, set in a wreath of golden hair, on which the moonlight brightened and darkened like the shadows on a wind-swept sea. Large lustrous eyes which gazed ear-nestly seaward, then filled with a strange, wandering far-off look as they turned to my face. A young girl clad in a peasant's dress with her bare feet washed reverently by the sighing sea; her half parted lips kissed by the breeze which travelled slowly shoreward; her cheeks and neck were pale as alabaster so were the little hands which were still clasped half nervously behind her; and as she stood, with her eyes wandering restlessly first to my face, then to the dim line of the horizon, the moon, brightening with sudden splendor, wrapt her from head to foot in a mantle of shimmering snow.

For a moment she stood gazing with a far-away look into my face then with a sigh she turned away, and with her face still turned oceanward, her hands still clasped behind her, wand-

ered slowly along the moonlit sands.

As she went, fading like a spirit among the shadows, I heard again the low, sweet sound of the plaintive voice which had come to me across the ocean but soon it grew fainter and fainter, until only the echoes were heard.

I turned to my boatman, who now stood waiting for me to depart. "Well, Shawn, is it a mermaid?" asked smiling. He gravely shook his head.

"No, ver honor; 'tis only a poor coleen with a broken heart! I turned and looked questioningly at him, but he was gazing at the spot whence the figure of the girl disap-

peared. "God Almighty risht the dead!" he said, reverently raising his hat; "but him that brought such luck to Nora O'Connell deserved His curse, God

knows! This incident, coupled with the strange manner of my man, interested me, and I began to question him as to the story of the girl whose lovely face was still vividly before me But for some reason or other he seemed to shun the subject, and so for a time I held my peace. But as soon as I found myself comfortably seated in the cozy parlor of the lodge, with a bright turf fire blazing before me and a hot punch steaming on the table at my side, I summoned my henchman to my pres-

"Now, Shawn," I said, holding forth a steaming goblet that made his eyes sparkle like two stars, "close the door, fraw your chair up to the fire, drink off this, and tell me the story of the lovely colleen that we saw to-night." "Would yer honor really like to hear?

"I would; it will give me something to dream about, and prevent me from thinkings too much of her beautiful face.

Shawn smiled gravely. "Yer honor thinks her pretty? Well, then, ye'll believe me when I tell ye that if ye was to search the counthry at the present moment ye couldn't find When she was born the neighbors thought she must be a fairy child, she was sopretty, and small and white; and when she got older there wasn't a boy in Storport but would lay down his life for her. Boys wid fortunes and boys widout fortunes tried to get herand, begging yer honor's pardon, I wint myself in wid the rest. But it went the same wid us all: Norah just smiled and said she didn't want to marry. But one day, two years ago now, come this scrapht, that lazy shaughraun, Mile Doughty, (God rest his soul!) came over from Rallygally, and going straight to Norah, widout making up any match at all, asked her

"Well, yer honor, this time Norah brightened up, and though she knew well enough that Miles was a dirty blackguard widout a penny in the world—though the old people said no, and there were plenty fortunes in Storport waitin' on her-she just went her, and touching with her cool, white against every one of them and said she must marry Miles. The old people pulled against her at first, but at last Norah, with her smiles and pretty ways, won over Father Tom-who won over the old people, till at last they said that if Miles would go to the black pits of Pennsylvania and earn the money to buy a house and bit of land, he should marry her.'

He paused, and for a time there was silence. Shawn looked thoughtfully into the fire; I lay back in my easy chair and carelessly watched the smoke which curled from my cigar, the wild plaintive voice of the girl as I had heard it before that night:

I have called my love, but he still sleeps And his lips are as cold as clay." And as the words of the song passed through my mind, they seemed to tell me the sequel of the story.

"Another case of disastrous true ove," I said, turning to Shawn, and when he looked puzzled I added, "he died and she is mourning him?"

"Yes, yer honor, he died; but if that was all he did we could forgive him. What broke the poor colleen's heart was that he should forget her when he got to the strange land and marry another colleen at the time he should have married her. After that, it was but right that he should die." "Did he write and tell her he was

married?" "Write? Devil a bit, nor to tell he was dead neither. Here was the poor colleen watching and waiting for him for two whole years and wondering what could keep him. But a few months ago Owen Macgrath, a boy who had gone away from the village asked her to marry him. He had made lots of money and was ready to take a house and a bit of land and to buy up to join in another dance. cattle if she would but say the word to

him."
"Well?" "Well, yer honor, Norah first shook her head and said that now Miles was dead 'twas as well for her to die too. At this Owen spoke out out and asked light of my burning turf I where was the use of grieving so since months before his death slunk away when Miles had been a married man. Well, never since that p

spoke a single word, but her teeth set and her lips and face went white and cold as clay, and ever since that day them strange old songs; then she look at another man!"

As Shawn finished, the hall clock chimed five; the last spark had faded from my cigar, the turf fell low in the grate; so I went to bed to think over

the story alone. During the three days which fol-lowed this midnight adventure, Storport was visited by a deluge of rain, but on the fourth morning I looked from my window to find the earth basking in summer sunshine. The sky was a vault of throbbing blue, flecked here and there with waves of summer cloud, the stretches of sand grew golden in the sun rays, while the saturated hills were bright as if from the smiling of the sky. The sight revivified me, and as soon as my breakfast was over I whistled up my dogs and strolled out into the air.

How bright and beautiful everything looked after the heavy rain! The ground was spongy to the tread; the dew still lay heavily upon the heather and long grass; but the sun seemed to be sucking up the moisture from the bog. Everybody seemed to be out that day; and most people were busy. Old men drove heavily laden donkeys along the muddy road; young girls carried their creels of turf across the bog; and by the roadside, close to where I stood,

the turf cutters were busy.

I stood for a while watching them at their work, and when I turned to go I saw for the first time that I had not been alone. Not many yards from me stood a figure watching the turf cutters, too.

A young man dressed like a grotesque figure for a pantomime; with high boots, felt hat cocked rakishly over one eye, and a vest composed of all the colors of the rainbow. His big brown fingers were profusely bedecked with brass and steel rings, a massive brass chain swung from his waistcoat, and an equally showy pin adorned the scarf at his throat. When the turf-cutters, pausing suddenly in their work, gazed at him with wonder in their eyes, he gave a peculiar smile and asked with a strong Yankee accent if they could tell him where one Norah O'Connell lived; he was a stranger here and brought her news from the States! In a moment a dozen fingers were outstretched to point him on, and the stranger, again smiling strangely to himself, swaggered away. I stood for a time and watched him go, then I too sauntered on. I turned off from the road, crossed the bog, and made direct for the sea-shore.

I had been walking there for some quarter of an hour, when suddenly a huge shadow was flung across my path, and looking up I again beheld the stranger. His hat was pushed back now, and I saw for the first time that his face was handsome. His cheeks were bronzed and weather-beaten, but his features were finely formed, and on his head clustered a macs of curling chestnut hair. He was flushed as if with excitement; he cast me a hurried glance and disappeared.

Five minutes after, as I still stood wondering at the strange behavior of the man, my ears were greeted with a shriek which pierced my very heart. Running in the direction whence the sound proceeded. I reached the top of a neighboring sand-hill, and gazing into a neighboring sand-hill, and gazing into the valley below me I again beheld the stranger. This time his head was have his array were outstretched and held upon his breast the half-fainting form of a lovely girl whom I had last beheld in the moonlight. While I stood hesitating as to the utility of descending, I saw the girl gently withdraw from his arms, then clasping her hands around his neck, fell sobbing on his breast.

'Well, Shawr, what's the news?" asked that night when Shawn rushed excitedly into my room. For a time he could tell me nothing, but by dint of a few well applied questions I soon extracted from him the whole story. two years like a galley-slave in the black pits of Pennsylvania, with nothing but the thought of Norah to help his career on the stage. him on, Miles Doughty found himself with enough money to warrant his coming home; that he was about to return to Storport, when unfortunately, the day before his intended departure, | main a shaft in the coal-pit fell upon him and he was left for dead; that for and stupid. In England and France a many months he lay ill, but as soon as he was fit to travel he started for fences. home. Arrived at Storport, he was astonished to find that no one knew him and he was about to pass himself off as a friend of his own, when the news of his reported death and Norah's sorrow so shocked him that he determined to make himself known at once.

'And God help the villain that told her he was married," concluded Shawn, "for he swears he'll kill h m as soon as Norah—God bless her!—comes out w the fever that she's in to-night.

Just three months after that night and as I did so I seemed to hear again I found myself sitting in the hut where Norah O'Connell dwelt. it looked like a spot of fire upon the gathered as thick as bees in swarming time. Miles Doughty, clad rather less gaudily than when I first beheld him, moved amidst the throng with bottle and glass, pausing now and again to look affectionately at Norah, who, decorated with bridal flowers, was dancing with one of the straw men who had come to do honor at her marriage feast. When the dance was ended she

came over and stood beside me. "Norah," I whispered, "do you re member that night when I heard you singing songs upon the sands?" Her face flashed brightly upon me,

then it grew grave-then her eyes filled with tears. "My dear," I added. "I never meant to pain you. I only want you to sing a sequel to those songs to-night!" She laughed lightly, then she spoke rapidly in Irish, and merrily sang the

well-known lines-"Oh the marriage, the marriage With love and me bouchal for me. The ladies that ride in a carriage Might onvy my marriage to me. Then she was laughingly carried off

I joined in the fun till midnight, then, though the merriment was still at its sage creates hair. In a country where height, I quietly left the house and hastened home. As I left the cabin I stumbled across a figure which wa hiding behind a turf-stack. By the features of Ower when Owen said this North never in Storport,

Mr. Seymour's Sentiments.

The New York Times devotes over she has been so strange in her ways thirteen columns to a kindly review of that some think she's not right at all, the career of its old political adversary On moonlight nights she creeps out of Ex-Governor Seymour, who has now the house and walks by the sea singing permanently retired from public life Such tributes to political opponents do looks out as if expecting him to come much to soften the asperity of partizanto her-and right or wrong she'll never | ship and are all too rare. Whatever may be thought of the retired political leader and his career, there can be but one opinion of the following just and humane sentiments to which he gives utterance:

"And during all these years and through all these struggles, have you had any one aim or end in view?" I asked the Governor when he had finished the recital. His ready response was: .

"Yes; yes indeed, and if you like, I will tell you just what it has been."
"I should like very much to hear," was, of course, my reply, and he went

"I have aimed to take an interest in everything in this world with which I had a right to concern myself. During a long life I have learned that people who have the happiest and healthiest minds take an active part in everything which concerns their com-munity, their State or the country at large. A proper interest and sympathy for others gives men vigorous minds and a broad view, while selfish views tend to contract even great in-tellects. A thoroughly selfish man must in the end, be a thoroughly un-

happy one.
"The study of men has taught me still another great truth. It is that, while their conditions as to wealth, the character of their homes and surroundings are very different, the variety of worlds they live in is still more varied. Money may fix the character of a man's house, but only intelligence and culture can give beauty and interest to the sphere or world in which he passes his life. Every single object on this earth is of value to those who know its character, its history, and its use, while those who are ignorant of these things take no interest even in the choicest productions of nature. To one man the heavens are filled with great systems of mighty worlds. To another the skies are simply so much blue space dotted with bright, but to them meaningless points of light. To one the earth is an exhaust-'ess museum, giving endless subjects for study, thought, and happiness; to another it is simply a clod in which to g ow potatoes and cabbages.

Appreciating and acting on these familiar truths, I decided at an early age to take an active interest in everything that concerned the general welfare, and, above all, to keep my mind vigorous and sympathetic. I determined to know something, no matter how little, regarding every object or subject which came under my notice. I did not seek to be learned in a high degree with regard to any of these things, but I did seek from my own labor and the labors of others to gain a reasona-

bly clear conception of the progress of science and the ends it has gained. I believed that by doing so, while life asted, no matter what change health or fortune came,I would be able to find some subject, or object in the world by which I might be interested and rendered content."

Referring to his last conversation with Mr. Marcy, Gov. Seymour said! "That last interview with the good, great man who had been my life-long iriend impressed me deeply. I then made up my mind that no man should his arms were outstretched, and to me that every man should have much to think of, that he should devote himself to such thought and to such usefulness in his private circle as he might be fitted for. It is for these reasons that I have determined not to accept public station

Fechter as a Farmer.

About four years ago Fechter purchased a fifty-seven-acre farm near Quakerstown, Pa., and went to live there with his wife, nee Lizzie Price, herself an actress. His experience in It amounted to this: that working for the agricultural line was not marked with that brilliant success which for a quarter of a century before attended

vided by a neat snake-fence, "stake and rider" they call it there, and a similar barrier was at the limit of his new do-

"Ah!" said Fechter, "people are slow gentleman farms. Take away those

"What, the line fence, too?"

"Yes, sirrah; and now." But the hired man, equally concerned with the new owner in the fine fence on one side and another man who stood in the same relation on the other side. said no-very sternly no, although they were willing Fetcher should put a board fence in the stead of the old one. Down came the partition fences, however, and orchard and garden, wheatfield and cornfield, meadow and grazing paddock became as one big field. With stock to pasture and grain to grow within the great inclosure, the cabin was illuminated so brightly that farmer may see that, although fields might blend, the treatment bestowed bog. The rooms in the house were by cattle upon a growing patch of crowded, and without dark figures corn, although pleasant for the kine, was not kind to the corn. It so proved at least, and while the cattle thrieved the grain crop prospered not, and for three years Fechter's cattle have been tethered to a post .- Pittsburg Chroni-

> The following bit of dialogue occurred between a Briton recently arrived in our home of freedom and one of those sterling citizens of the Washoe region who have such an easy and winnning grace of manner:

"Deah me, this is disgusting," (holding up his knife and gazing fixedly at its point), "This is eithaw the second the third hair-I think it's the third-that I've found in the buttah!" "You've not been in 'Merica long I iudge?

"No, sir; I arrived here yesterday morning. "I thought so; otherwise you would not have complained of hairs in the butter."

"Not complained of hairs in the but-You surprise me, sir. How could I do otherwise?" "Those hairs, sir, are natural to Washoe butter; in Washoe the white FOR THE CHILDREN.

Meadow Talk.

A bumble bee, yellow as gold,
Sat perched on a red-cloyer top.
When a grasshopper, wiry and old.
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good-morrow" cried he, "Mr. Bumble Bee!
You seem to have come to a stop." TIII(

"We people that work." Said the bee with a jerk, "Find a benefit sometimes in stopping; Only insects like you.

Who have nothing to do.

Can keep up a perpetual hopping.

The grasshopper paused on his way,
And thoughtfully hunched up his knees:
Why trouble this sunshiny day."
Quoth he, "with reflections like these?
I follow the trade for which I was made;
We all can't be wise bumble bees. "There's a time to be sad.

And a time to be sad;
And a time to be glad;
A time both for working and stopping;
For men to make money,
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping.

The Fly Family.

Well, this fly, of course, had a moth r-fly, and she laid a lot of very small shiny, brownish-white eggs, and when each one of these little eggs hatched, there came out a funny little yellowishwhite maggot, not very active but very, very hungry. The appetite that these little fellows have is something really wonderful, and this it is that helps them to be of such good use to man. For while they are maggots they live around the barns, and eat up old decaying material that is filling the air with poisonous gases which might bring sickness to a great many of us. One little maggot could not eat very much of course; but there are so many of them, that what they all eat amounts to a great many hundred wagon-loads every year. This is the good work that the fly spoke of when he said that he had done a great deal for us before he became a fly; and you see he was right. After the little magget has eaten all he can and has grown all he can, he is about a third of an inch long. stops eating, remains quiet, and in a few days changes into a small, dark reddish-brown chrysalis, about a quarter of an inch long. He only lives from eight to fourteen days achrysalis, and then, some bright morning, the skin cracks all along the back, and out comes Mr. Fly. He is a little stiff and lazy at first; he comes out drowsily, stretching his legs, and slowly waving his wings, after his long sleep of nearly two weeks. But the warm sunlight soon takes the cramp out of all his joints, and, spreading his wings, he takes his first flight.—St Nicholas.

Benjamin Franklin experimented with a kite, resolved to do something in that line himself. His idea was to test the relative strength of his kite and his pet pigeon, with the design of basing some days ago. He ran the kite up to the can make no excuse for failures, par-limit of 200 yards of cord, the wind ticularly if it affects their pockets for something in a pretty bottle from blowing a stiff breeze from the north-The pigeon, feeling half free, flew kite caused his flight to tend upward, life, before experience has put things and, in turn, the efforts of his wings straight, may be very dark for both caused the kite to sail higher in the husband and wife if the girlhood of in spite of all efforts to take a direct course, flying higher and higher. 100 feet higher still, it was plain that their cleaning and singeing herself. the latter had greatly the advantage. They came to the table a beautiful It was flesh, blood and feathers against | delicate brown, and she looked proudly the untiring winds. Unable to con- at her husband, expecting his commentinue the strain, the pigeon changed his course to one side, thus slackening the fowls before praising the cooking. the string and causing the kite to fall, and it is as well that he did so, for at sort of way. But feeling free again. the pigeon once more made a break for home, when, the string being pulled known that chickens had crops. The fields of his new farm were di- taut, the kite, with a spring, glancing in the sun a thing of life, rose rapidly and gracefully from its former level. Soon both bird and kite became mere specks, and at last, vanishing in the southwestern sky, left Johnny to weep to look well. Some housekeepers posover his unexpected loss. Next morn-sess this faculty in a remarkable deing, when the little fellow went to look in his empty cote, there stood the And there is, too often, waste which pigeon, nodding his head in pride. It might be avoided by exercising a little passed a quarter for a twenty-cent had broken from the kite, a piece of the | forethought and care. Meat is thrown string still hanging to its leg.

Johnny's Essay on Crocodiles.

Mister Jonnice, wich has got the wuden leg, says theres a dile wich was a sho, and it was in a pond. Mr. Jon-nice he set on the edge of the pond a watching the dile swim, but the keper he sed, the keper did: "Beter look out for yure legs, sir, this ere dile is powerfle fond of legs, and he don't get menny here, pore fellow."

wuden leg and hid it, and wen the by exercising economy, if economy keper cum round agin Mister Jonnice sed: "You was rite about that

dile. The keper he looked and was astonish, and he sed: "Shant I run for a doctor?"

Then Mister Jonnice he that a wile and bime by he sed: "No, I don't how. Diles is use to overeatin' theirselfs

The keper he sed; "You are the coolest man, wots left of you, which I have ever saw." Mister Jonnice he sed: "Wel, I have all ways went on the principle its benighted blighed to you for a drink

of whisky." Wen the keper had brot it, Mister dile, and the keper he was astonisher than ever, patickler wen Mister Jonnice sed he had ben standing there a our and had never seen him before.

One time there was a rinosy rose met a cammle, and it said, the rinosy on my back like thatn of yourn Ide hav a operation prformed. The cammle it sed: "Taint very

prety, thats a fack, but seems to me an't jest the kind wich ot to up at xcresences."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

AND MAN AND HELE

A Chapter on Housekeeping.

BY PLORENE II. BIRNEY. Houskeeping is administration on small scale. It includes the capacity for managing children and servants, and of exercising economy if necessary. Yet a girl is not generally given any preparation for the life of a house-keeper, though it may be cheerfully conceded by her parents that such will probably be her destiny. The average school course contains nothing that will fit her to be the head of a household, with its complex duties and requirements. There is much of the power in a home in knowing how to, cook, or to direct others how it shall be done If the dinner is a failure the music of the piano will not bring soothing to the mind of the husband. He will find his wife's sweetest strains but discord, while the recollection of the overdone or underdone joint and

heavy bread is fresh in his recollection. It appears to me that the surest method of sowing broadcast good housekeepers through the land, is to let the girls of each household assume in turn the responsibilities of the housekeeping. Let them have in succession, a month at a time, charge of the cooking, the chamber work, the mending, and under proper supervision the buying for the family. There will be no mistake about their knowledge then. They will have learned everything from experience, and, as we all know, experience is a very competent teacher Let us suffer for a mistake and we do not repeat it. The judgment and discrimination will be well developed by such training, and though the girls may turn up their pretty noses at this plan, they will live to thank "Mother" for the wisdom which dictated the course.

Mothers may argue that it is easier to do the work themselves than to teach their young daughters how to do it. But if they reflect for a moment they will see that it is selfish and cruel He then becomes shorter and stouter. to allow children to grow up in ignorance of the grave duties which the

future assuredly holds for them. What wonder that the young bride, who in her days of girlhood neverbought a piece of meat nor saw the inside of a market, should on beginning housekeeping for herself make .many lamentable mistakes, which are so expensive as frequently to decide the husband to board? How is she, never having been taught, to know good flour from bad, poor sugar from fine, tender meat from tough, or what the price should be for each article? Is it any wonder that she is cheated on every hand and is ever at the bottom Johnny Green's Experiment, of her purse? She of course goes to

perience, which is very dearly bought ometimes. grand invention upon the result. So he took kite and pigeon, and wended his way to the nearest common several how to manage a household, and they west the while. Then taking the customed all her life to be considered the circulars praise so highly. To pigeon from the basket, he tied the and petted, thinks her husband posibave a fresh complexion and bright bird by the leg to the end of the kite- tively brutal when he finds fault, and eyes, even to have white hands and string which he had held in his hand. tears and reproaches only make mat- graceful figure, you must be well ters worse, and the shadow over the Health and the happiness that usually towards home, which was directly household grows very dark indeed. comes with it are the true secrets of against the wind. The resistance of the Ah! the first year or two of married beauty.—Quarterly Review. air. For a while the bird seemed to the latter has not been spent under a have the best of the struggle, making judicious mother, who has had an eye slow progress for at least a square, but to the future of her daughters and acted accordingly.

course, flying higher and higher. After the bird had reached an a titude of perhaps 400 feet, the kite being about roast a pair of chickens, attending to dation. He waited, however, to test slanting from side to side in a helpless the first cut he made, corn went flying blacksmith's striking for wages. all over the table. She had forgotten to take out the crop. In fact, had not

Economy in cooking does not consist in the use of very little of what are called the necessaries, but rather in getting up even the simplest dishes in such a manner as not only to taste but gree. Others are totally without it. aside which might be hashed; the flour is sifted in a wasteful manner; soan is left in water to dissolved; sugar is spilled from the barrel; apples decay for want of looking over; left to sour; bones, good for soap, are thrown away; pieces of bread go into the swill bucket, and a hundred such little ways is the substance of the household wasted. The importance of considered. It is seldom that the wife can in any other way help her husband. So Mister Jonnice he tuke off his and it is her duty to lighten his load any consideration to him.-American Cultivator.

Home Upholstery.

Chair-covers, like crumb-cloths, serve two ends-preserve the freshness of new furniture, or conceal the shabbithink I wude, not for a wile yet, enny ness of old. In either case they form an important feature of the apartment, and therefore merit a careful selection. For lightness and delicacy, preference is given, in washing fabrics, to tinyflowered patterns on white and pale gray grounds, or hollands and linens rded with searlet and blue twill. no use cryin for yure leg off, but Ide These, however, soil too rapidly for benighted blighed to you for a drink general use, and it is more advisable to choose foliage designs or sprays on dark green, red and blue grounds. The Jonnice put on his wuden leg agin, two latter are the most perfectly inand was a standing up lookin at the grain. Green, as a rule, turns yellow after the first wash.

For easy or wicker chairs, it is usual to make a loose cover or slip, which passes completely over the chair; but smaller ones require merely a covering for the stuffed seat. There are three rose did: "If I had sech a xcresence kinds of loose covers. A sort of chairshaped bag, an improved substitute for the dusting sheet: the more closelyfitting cover, tastened at the back or side; and a similar one which drops right over and is adjusted by tape strings, the latter being almost exclusively reserved for cane and wicker chairs. The best materials for these include oretonne, chintz, poplin, linen, drill, holland, crumb-cloth, crash, etc. Occasionally covers are more or less ly; but don't you appear any more to elaborately adorned with embroidery, higher bands, medallions, bouquets, etc., I am so glad! Pray sit down."

er, in plain linen and holland, orna mented with perpendicular strips of the material, vandyked at the edges and slashed at intervals down the centre, to thread in and out a bright-colored ribbon. Lining is essential, both for strength and set, except with a particularly stout material the backings usually employed are unbleached calico and what is known to upholsterers as

longeloth lining. Sofa-covers, though of larger proportions, follow the foregoing rules. They include also the squab, pillow, and sometimes bolster cases. The squab case is simple enough to cut out, but requires particular neatness of execution in order that the joining of the breadths may leave no ugly line. The arrangement of the pattern too, is all important; it should match so exactly that each strip or trail on the valance meets unbrokenly the corresponding one on the border, and continues thence of the upper side of the squab and sofa back. One side of the squab case is left open to admit the squab, and after-ward neatly felled, tied or buttoned. For the latter, turn down a broad hem on the overlapping side, run a strip on the under side, and place the buttons and button-holes, as already explained in chair-covers.

Seat-coverings take on the average about three-quarters of a yard of thirty six-inch material. Procure an exact pattern of the shape, chalk it, and cut it out on the chintz, silk or damask, with quarter-inch turnings Measure off a border, which, with a narrow hem shall reach just to the edge of the woodwork frame. Stitch to the seat with or without cording, nick out for the back legs, and take the sllts. Curve out spaces for the front legs, and fasten the cover to the chair by strings tied underneath at the legs. In another plan the border projects an inch beyond the chair frame, and a tape, run through the hem, is tied round one of the back legs. Sometimes a fancy chair will display, at the back, a kind of stuffed medallion in needle-work, yelvet silk, etc. A handy mode of covering this is to cut out a round in chint, etc., rather wider than the ornament in circumference, and through the hem insert a tapé. Trim the edge with a goffered ruching, place the chintz over the medallion, draw up the tape and conceal the tie by a bow or rosette. For convenience the chintz is often merely tacked beneath the ruching. The same plan is adopted for elbow coverings -Art Amateur.

The Secret of Beauty

The secret of beauty is health. Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health if they have lost it, or to keep it if they have it yet. No one can lay down specif-Little John Green of Louisville, Ky., troubles, but it is too late for the having heard how once upon a time mother to render much aid. The rest he must take, his baths his diet, his young housekeeper must learn by ex- exercise are matters of indivual consideration, but they must be carefully thought of and never neglected. As a Trouble and failure of this sort are rule, when a person feels well he looks apt to cast a shadow over the married well, and when he looks bad he feels bad very seriously. The young wife, ac- the perfumer's, or for the lotion that

Trifles.

Aprowed thing-A ship.

Opinions are still cut bias. Breeches of trust-Unpaid for pants. The corn-fields have a grew-some

Happiness is a star, enjoyment a

sky-rocket. People call you deer when they would

fawn upon you. Chicago policemen get \$2 a day

No clubbing rates. There is some sense, of course, in a There is a great many people who

will never go to heaven unless they can go at excursion rates. Why ought women to be grateful to

the letter S? Answer-Because it makes needles needless. It was a wise and cunning Jew who said, "I teil you vat it ish, I buys my

experience fresh every day

Tis passing strange that amid all And there is, too often, waste which the mistakes of the world nobody ever Peru has found a way to protect her

money from being counterfeited. She

has made it worth less than the blank

The Boston Transcript says the most popular bathing costume in France this year is an umbrella. How is it adjusted?

The baby who puts his toes in his economy in small matters is too little mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ends meet.

"There is no rule without an exception, my son." "Oh, isn't there, pa A man must always be present when he is being shaved." "I had no time to stuff the chicken,"

apologized a landlady to her boarders Never mind, madam, it's tough enough as it is," replied one of them. A far-sighted miss of seventeen Sum-

mers has concluded to marry a big man for her first husband, and a little one for the second, so that she can cut the clothes of the first down and make them over to his successor. "Do you mean to say you have ever seen a smaller man?" said the friend;

and he soon had his answer. "My dear fellow, I know a man so small that if he has a pain he can't tell whether he has a sore throat or a stomachache. Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, who was one day modestly deprecating praises for her acting in Zaire, said

"One ought to be young and beautiful

for that." "Ah! madame," replied her well-meaning flatterer, "you have proved the contrary." In a current magazine story the heroine says to the hero, "choose, Henry. between me and the wine cup." most sensible request, young woman. A man who doesn't believe that a miss

is as good as smile and a thousand

times better, don't deserve to win her. Slightly Doubtful Compliment.-Actor (who has appeared in the first piece): "Good evening, May I take the seat next you?" Lady: "Certain-